

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, on the story goes,
Upon a living tomb,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopelessly were bound to stay—
"Here we will at least have fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work,
The light was given space;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sacred dead,
And swept him off, and so half-dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been—
Beside, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."

Retried the pulpit, but, alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting-brush the sexton came,
And swept his spider game,
Now gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thirst and knock,
While you have grown so very stout?"
"The plain," he answered—"not a doubt
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution-box."

STACY'S GAL.

A Story of the San Juan Mines.

The Colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the ornate style, for which he was noted in the camp, and was promptly refused, much to his own and the boys' astonishment. I believe the Judge was the next, but as he had fortified his courage with a large quantity of whiskey his breath was strong enough and his words thick enough to insure speedy rejection. He was considerably mortified at it, and was never able to explain the cause of his defeat, but when a Mexican woman drifted into the camp shortly afterward and engaged in washing for the men the Judge tried his hand again and was accepted. It took him a month to get loose from the bonds, and he swore he would "never give any darned female crutcher a chance to hook him again," and he carefully avoided all Indian squaws and homely señoritas who occasionally passed through Mineral City. After the Judge a dozen or more of the boys offered their hands and fortunes to "Stacy's gal" and fared precisely in the same manner, while Old Stacy himself chuckled and "bet on his gal every trip," as he afterward explained.

She had come into camp a week or two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father, Old Stacy a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place she had made a little heaven for him. So he placed his daughter—his only child—in the fashionable female seminary of the State, provided her with everything that was necessary for her comfort or happiness and then struck out for the San Juan silver mines to forget his recent loss among the excitements and privations of the frontier. Stacy was one of the fortunate few out of the unlucky many that enter a mining country, and in a few years he was possessed of properties yielding him an excellent income from their hard, white quartz. He regularly corresponded with his daughter and kept her supplied with pocket-money far in excess of her needs or requirements, but never went back on a visit, and when that young lady was duly graduated with high honors she determined to seek out her long-absent paternal progenitor. With an independence and courage the wonderment of the boys, she traveled across the plains, took passage on the stages and finally rode into Mineral City, on horseback, the first white woman in camp and the object of the shy adoration of the men.

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of scurrying away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case, but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not over ten days after her arrival that the Colonel immolated himself on the altar of his affections. Encouraged by his example and unterrified by his unceremonious defeat, the boys one after another tried their luck, though as I have before mentioned, with no better success.

Stacy was a partner of mine in the Ajax mine, in which there were three of us interested, and as we were doing considerable development on the vein I was of necessity much in his company, and consequently in that of his daughter, who was a very pretty girl, with delicate, delicate ways far more befitting a house on Walnut street than a rough mining camp; but she loved her father with an earnest, clinging affection that would not listen to her leaving him, and so she continued to reign Queen of Mineral City all through the summer of 1876.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted toward Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly and so tenderly, alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth and education, and such a kind friend to her, it would be ever so much nicer for me to say "Nellie," instead of "Miss Stacy," which sounded so formal, that I came very near adding other words to the name that our short acquaintance would not justify. After that I spent most of my evenings with Nellie, and sometimes of an afternoon we took delicious little rambles together on the mountain sides and into the heavy timber lining the valley or canon of the Uncompagnie. One evening, as we

were returning home, we stopped to rest on the rock-crested summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its log cabins looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming. The blue smoke was curling from a dozen chimneys as the men prepared their evening meals; and, here and there, over the various trails, a blue-shirted miner, with pick and drills across his shoulder, came striding home. The sun, sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, 165 miles distant, cast great long shadows across the surrounding peaks, and veiled the ravines and gulches in deepening darkness.

Nellie sat on the croppings of a vein of quartz and I lay stretched out at her feet, watching her pretty tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and the grandeur of the scene. She had some light, fleecy arrangement—a nubia, I believe it is called—wrapped loosely about her head and shoulders, and her hair, in whose meshes the sunbeams seemed to have caught, peeped from beneath, helping to frame a face stamped with innocence and purity. Young people always get sentimental in the evening, when surrounded by quiet, and I was no exception to the rule, and almost before I knew it I was toying with the little hand, so white and soft, lying carelessly on the flinty quartz.

"Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough place and go back to the East?"

"Not now," she said slowly, "though I might under some circumstances."

"Why not now?"

"Oh, because—because—I don't want to leave papa."

"Is that the real reason?" I asked, her shyness and evident avoidance of my eyes giving me hopes that set my heart beating with quicker pulsations.

"Let us go down," she said quickly, as she arose.

"No, not until you answer me," and I caught again the little hand.

She drew it from my grasp, and, with a saucy "Come," started down the trail and I hastened to follow. I made several attempts to renew the conversation on the way, but Nellie always turned it off from the subject nearest my heart; and yet when I left her at her father's door she shyly extended her hand, and I thought I detected a soft pressure as I took it in mine. A moment, and she had vanished, and I noticed a rosy flush on her pretty cheeks and an unusual light in her tender eyes. I went back to my little cabin with a strange admixture of certainty and doubt in my feelings, and a quickening of my pulse that made me oblivious to my rough surroundings.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn door step. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax. I turned my head and saw the lights in the shaft house of the Big Giant mine on Red mountain gleaming away in the distance; I heard the clanging blows of the blacksmith at his forge as he sharpened the tools for the morning's work; and the deep boom of the blast in Little Emily mine came floating through the still night air. Then my eyes wandered back to the cabin which held Nellie. Bob was still there, his tall figure and broad shoulders contrasting greatly with the little old man in the doorway. What was he doing there so long I thought, and I puffed my pipe viciously as I saw Nellie a moment later join the two. The night settled down, and the cabins faded from view, their presence only revealed by the lights shining through the little square windows or the sparks screaming out of the stone and mud chimneys. I was getting cool, too, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and re-entered my little home and stirred up the smoldering embers on the hearth. An hour went by and the moon sent its beams across my little table, with its tin plates and cups; across my earthen and rocky floor, touching lightly my books on a shelf at the head of my bed and resting softly on the rolled-up coat that served me for a pillow. I turned on my stool and glanced out of the window. The tops of the surrounding timber were silvered by the moonlight, and the cabins stood out against the dark background of the tall spruces. The sound of singing came up from the saloon and the wind sighed fitfully now and then. And so I fell into a somber reverie, and Nellie was the center about which all my thoughts revolved. Presently there was a knocking at my door, and at my invitation Mineral Bob entered.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in."

"Why?" I asked, rather sorry of the interruption, though Bob was good company, and no one could look into his merry blue eyes, and pleasant face, covered all over with a luxuriant, rich, brown beard, without feeling better and less out of spirits.

"Oh, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, eh?"

"Come, come, Bob, and stop your nonsense. Here, fill your pipe and sit down."

Bob laughed good-humoredly, and, pulling up a stool, sat down near the fire, and, as he filled his pipe, said:

"I've dropped in on a little business—about the Sunshine, you know," alluding to a mine of his and one of the best in the camp. "You know, I am obliged to sink—ain't got no chance to tunnel, and the dermed surface water is getting the best of me. Must have a pump, if I want to do anything—this bailing out by the bucketful when she's coming in near as fast as I can account. You know that?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, Philadelphia," as he lighted his pipe and gave two or three vigorous puffs, "I want to see what kind of a dicker I can make with you about running the mine. I ain't got the money to get an engine and pump, though I guess I could borrow it; and beside I've got to go East on business inside of a week and I don't want to leave the Sunshine idle—I can't afford it."

"Why don't you sell her to Old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash."

"But he's going out shortly and wants to sell his own mines."

"Going out—Stacy?" I demanded, wondering why Nellie had never alluded to it.

"Yes, going to take that gal of his back to the States. This ain't no fit place for a pretty little thing like she is, you know."

"Nellie going to leave camp! By Jove, that wouldn't do. No, if she left, I would, too. I shouldn't lose her, now that I had all but won her, so I said:

"I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay much longer myself. Perhaps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me attend to your business in the East, if I can; I would be very glad to."

"No; much obliged, partner; but one can do what I'm going out for, except myself. Same time, I might be able to handle my own property better if I had the Ajax, too, seeing as how the two claims join each other on the same vein. I wonder if Old Stacy would sell out cheap enough?"

"Oh, I guess so," I said; "especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for you."

"He said the other day," continued Bob, as though he were carefully weighing the proposition, "that he'd sell to me on time if I could get a good man to go my security."

"Would he take me, do you think?"

"Take you? A great sight sooner than any other man in camp."

"Well, then, Bob, you give me a mortgage on the mine, and if his figures are not too high, I'll endorse your note and turn you over my interest beside. The mine is solid yet, I guess; though I haven't been to it for a week."

"That's the gal's fault," grinned Bob, "but if she wasn't good I wouldn't want to buy. I believe I'll go down and see the old man—it won't take long," and Bob buttoned up his coat and started out.

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for eight thousand dollars, payable within thirty days. I endorsed Bob's note for the amount, he assuring me that if the mine continued to pay, as it had in the past, he could easily take it up when due, beside which, I reasoned to myself, that in case of Stacy's son-in-law, and in case of Bob's failure to meet the note, the old man would not be hard on me. I also transferred my third interest to Bob for a like amount, and secured myself for both sums by a mortgage on the property, and so I went to bed that night and dreamed of the little wife I soon expected to have.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next morning there was no opportunity for a quiet little conversation. I told Stacy I was going out, and he laughed and said Nellie had spoken of it and he "didn't know but what it was a good scheme for his gal," 'cause it hardly be expected that me and Bob would be good company; and so the matter was settled and I collected my traps together, and those I didn't care to take with me I distributed among the boys. They all knew what I was going out for, and good-natured witticisms were freely indulged in at my expense. But I liked it, and rather enjoyed my triumph over the Colonel and the Judge and the others who had tried to win the little treasure that I had carried off, but had miserably failed.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart. I couldn't shake off my low spirits, and so I went down to see my little one, and from her sweet face and pretty eyes draw the consolation I felt I needed. I found her looking tired from her arranging and packing efforts, but she seemed most glad to see me, and we sat on the doorstep and were soon chatting in a warm, confidential way. As I was about to go I took her little hand in my big palm and said:

"Are you really glad that I am going out with you?"

"You know I am," she said, earnestly, her eyes dropping and her soft little fingers involuntarily pressing mine, and somehow, before I fully realized what I was doing, I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss on her lips, and with a little exclamation, expressive of surprise and not of anger, she turned and vanished. I was a happy fellow that night.

Our trip was begun the next morning and in due course of time we all of us came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it and how considerate Stacy and Bob were. They never intruded their presence, but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had no connection whatever with us. I felt grateful to them and meditated often upon what I could do to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness and good feeling. Nellie was a

little paradox, however—an enigma I couldn't solve. I had proposed to her half a dozen times on our way East, but, though she plainly showed that her heart was mine and permitted me to squeeze her hand, whisper soft nothings and kiss her good-night when she retired, she would give me no answer to my pleadings, but kept me off with a coquetry in itself most attractive. And so the days spun around and I seemed to be no nearer than when we left the old mining camp, and I got irritable and out of sorts, and one day Nellie suggested that I had better run on and see my family and get sweetened up a little, and I savagely replied that I would, and I should not return until she sent for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a terrible temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked the clerk to send up my card, and he said it would be useless, as the lady, with her father and the other gentleman, had left the night before, for the South, he thought. They had left a letter for me, however, and—I snatched the letter, and tore it open. There was several inclosures, reading as follows:

THURSDAY.
MY DEAR CHARLES: You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I should ever have and you are the dearest of fellows to finish up on. I dare say you will feel a little vexed, but here I am smiling. I enclose with this my note that you informed and deeds conveying to you the whole of the Ajax. Stacy's pinched, Philadelphia, and ain't worth a cuss. You sold her the business that called me East, eh? To, is.

I have never seen them since. I don't want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys don't leave me now, but I thrashed them two times and got thrashed by three before this silence on the subject was observed.

An Ancient Instrument.

A writer in a periodical called *Hardware* says: The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is of fabric or of other material. It is probable, however, that the needles of those people who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for that purpose, are found in the caves that were inhabited by ancient people of France, and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are described as being of bronze, do not appear to have been made with eyes. Some writers are of opinion that in place of the eye a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have also been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1760, and while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived and has been continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, near Redditch, in England, in 1680; and these were soon followed by other London needle makers. Redditch is still the center of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill eyed" needles before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine in which the eyes of needles are polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire, which is caused to revolve rapidly and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye. The process of hardening needles was for many years accomplished by casting them, while red hot, into cold water. By this means a large proportion of them became crooked, and the services of a large number of workmen were required to straighten them. In 1840 the substitution of oil in the place of water took place, and this caused a large number of the workmen to be thrown out of employment, a riot took place at Redditch, and the introduction of the oil process was driven out of the town. The machinery for making needles has now been brought to such a state of perfection that, from the coil of steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their various operations in a manner that may be said to be almost automatic.

CLARA writes to the "Answers to Correspondents" column of a story weekly: "I am 30 years old and have never had an offer of marriage. What are the young men afraid of?" Perhaps Clara's father has kept a ferocious dog during the past twelve years. But, as she confesses to being 80 years old, the old man can sell or shoot the animal now. The danger is over.—*The Judge*.

"A word spoken is an arrow let fly." No, it isn't; you can go and get the arrow, but you can't go and get the word, especially if it's lodged on the tongue of a woman.

Literature of Suicide.

For nearly a generation no satisfactory English-written compendium of progress of the investigation as to suicide has appeared. Meantime, a large mass of recent data has been accumulated by European observers. These have been ably exhibited by Dr. Morselli in a recent volume of statistical but very suggestive character. Dr. O'Dea, in a work somewhat more historic and philosophic, has contributed much general information from early as well as recent sources. The two taken together furnish very complete material for an outline view of what is known on this sombre and somewhat interesting subject. It is to be regretted that American statistics are still meagre; the census of 1880 will perhaps give important additions.

The chief ethical philosophies of Asia have somewhat permitted suicide, as witness the *suttee* of Hindoo widows and the *hari kari* of disgraced Japanese officials. Such beliefs as pantheism, fatalism, and transmigration were not adapted to suppress it. Early pagan systems allowed it; cynics, stoics, and epicureans, traveling by different roads of reasoning, reached the same result; and not only did eminent teachers of Grecian and Roman philosophy avow that the hopelessly unhappy might rightly seek relief in death, but several of these acted upon the tenet. In strong contrast was the belief of the ancient Jews; they accepted the command, "Thou shalt not kill," as comprehending self-killing. The influence of the New Testament is to the same effect. If warnings are few and slight, this is because there was no need in Judea to forbid voluntary death; it was not prevalent. In instances, the readiness of martyrs to meet death rather than to false to their faith somewhat resembles seeking it, but, in truth, the early Christians adhered to the Jewish and apostolic belief—that suicide was a sin. So taught Mohammed and the Koran. Throughout the middle ages the authority of the Roman Church on one side and the restlessness of philosophic skepticism on the other introduced exceptions, and suggested or doubted whether from certain emergencies one might not seek escape through the grave. But at the present day, wherever the light of Christian civilization prevails, teachers and laws are agreed that suicide is a sin against God and a crime against the State; the arguments by which in darkened times or lands it has been defended or excused are disregarded as chimeras, and the only questions are: What are the facts of suicide? What are its causes? How may it be prevented?

Modern researches, without denying that in the individual case suicide is an act of free will, yet teach that the will is under influence of causes which can be traced, and that the general course of the evil can be delineated and even predicted as governed by tolerably uniform laws. There is no better illustration of the comprehensiveness and ingenuity of modern research in physico-mental problems than the acute manner in which the statistics of self-murder are now marshaled to develop the law governing its ebb and flow. Time of life is shown to have a definite connection with the evil; suicides are infrequent in youth and again in old age; but the period from the thirty-fifth to the fifty-fifth year is fruitful of them. Men are much more prone to suicide than are women. Yet in prison life the young commit it oftener than their elders, and female convicts in greater number than males. Comparison between deaths among the single and those among the married show that marriage and parentage are preventives. Any one would guess that insanity tends to suicide; few would realize without reading the proofs given that a spirit of more morbid imitation may lead to it; thus it has sometimes raged as an epidemic. Progress in education and spread of literature have seemed to increase it, probably because they have been injudiciously so managed as to heighten desires more than to inspire contentment. Who would have thought of tracing a connection between suicide and the spread of periodical literature or advance of railway development; but in Europe the evil seems to have flourished under these improvements. There, also, intensity of religious teaching and conviction has, perhaps, had an unhappy effect, and the Protestant countries are said to show this more than Catholic, monasteries and convents in particular being rarely invaded. Yet, causes of crime and degradation among the masses (drunkenness is a conspicuous one) increase suicide, and so do "hard times." Domestic trouble and disappointment in love (especially among the young) are prolific causes, and so are business anxieties, (these chiefly among older persons.) Connected with this cause stands what is known as tendency of various vocations; apparently agriculture is comparatively wholesome, while mechanical trades tend downward in proportion as they are uncertain and subject the artisan to being often "out of work"; while the liability of the mercantile, scientific, and professional classes to suffer from commercial depressions has a like tendency. Soldiers are (in Europe again) much more prone to suicide than civilians, and city residents more than the rural population. Variable climatic and atmospheric influences seem to have a specific tendency to promote suicide. The period when spring is verging into summer, and particularly in June, is the most fertile season, and the hours from sunrise to noon the most tempting time of day. The reader, however, must remember that the data which support conclusions like the above are chiefly European; somewhat different results might be reached in America. Dr. Morselli expresses a belief that suicide is increasing faster than population. We do not find that Dr. O'Dea says this, but the tone of his book indicates that opinion.—*New York Times*.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR FLEON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap and brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

CURE FOR A COLIC.—My mother wishes me to tell the boys and girls how to cure a cold without drinking hot drinks that cause one to sweat and then so easily take more cold. Put a teaspoonful of ginger into a pint of cold water, enough sugar to make it good, and drink as nearly all of it as is possible before going to bed. My brother's remedy, thirty years ago, when a boy, was to drink, as nearly as possible, a quart of cold water just on retiring.—*A Wisconsin Woman*.

TURPENTINE FOR SNAKE BITES.—A writer says: "I had stopped for the night at a hotel in Southern Missouri, when another traveler hastened in whose dog had been bitten when a mile away, and its throat had then swollen in size equal with its head, and the animal was in great agony. Its owner asked for spirits of turpentine, which, being furnished, he applied repeatedly to the bitten part, until the dog became quiet, and by morning it was well. This traveler resides in the Ozark mountain region in Arkansas, where he had, as he said, witnessed many such cases, not of animals only, but also of men, and that he believed it an infallible remedy if soon applied. It quickly relieves the sting of a bee, and may cure the bite of a cobra if immediately applied outwardly, and a little internally on sugar, as is done by hunters amid the Ozarks, who carry it in their pockets as they traverse that region where snakes do abound."

COLD FEET.—Cold feet predispose to colds in the head, throat, ears and lungs. Many people are troubled with sweaty feet; their feet consequently become cold. This is often caused by wearing woolen stockings. Cotton stockings should be worn under the woolen pair. A good remedy for cold feet is to bathe them at bedtime, commencing with water at blood heat, and gradually raising the temperature till the water is as warm as can be borne. They should be dried with a coarse towel, rubbed well with an ointment, and then incased in a well-warmed pair of stockings. Vaseline is recommended as an ointment. Boots that are thin, or tight, and low shoes, should be avoided in cold or damp weather. Heavy, loose-fitting boots, with double uppers and wide soles, are proper. India-rubber overboots should be worn in damp weather, and should be removed as soon as the wearer enters the house. Slippers should not be worn by either sex during cold or even cool weather. One of the ways in which a cold is contracted is to exchange warm boots for low slippers. Those who do this forget that their feet and ankles have been protected all day, and that they have not only uncovered them, but placed them in the coldest stratum of air in the room. If they take the precaution to draw on over the stockings which they usually wear a pair of heavy woolen socks, the chances of taking cold from wearing slippers are greatly decreased. Dr. Rumbold says that most women use elastic garters, which compress the veins and hinder the return of blood from the feet and legs. Almost every patient claims that her garters are not tight, yet (most of them will acknowledge) that when they are removed at night deep creases are found under the knees. In order to keep up the stockings without garters at all, they should be pulled on over the stocking-knit drawer and fastened with tapes. Four of these tapes, about six inches long, should be sewed on the drawers at about the middle of each thigh, one on the outer side and one on the inner side of each stocking. The tying of the four pairs of tapes secures the hose in their place, and as they are long enough to come above the knees more of the limbs are then covered than when they are held up by the strangulating elastic or non-elastic garters.—*Virginia Medical Monthly*.

How Jesse James Showed His Gratitude.

Six years ago the James brothers, who sacked the express car, and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, at God's Hill, stole the money box at the Kansas State Fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, about \$2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight, in the midst of a great crowd. Some time afterwards one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said they had done the most daring deed in the highwayman's record. A few nights afterwards one of the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office, and, calling the reporter on, presented him with a handsome watch and chain. He said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.

"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperado.

"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied he, regretfully, "what can we do for you? Perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed?"

DR. H. R. PALMER'S International Normal Music School begins June 26 at Mendville, Pa., and continues four weeks.

South Kentuckian.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.
HOPKINSVILLE, MAY 27, 1882

NONSENSE.

Judge M. T. Carpenter, of Shelby county, is a candidate to fill Senator Harwood's empty seat.

The season is at hand when the trembling school girl will timidly walk to the footlights and read the essay that forms the dividing line between school books and sweethearts.

The Democrats of Ohio county have endorsed Henry with "almost absolute unanimity" and the editor of the Harford Herald no doubt thinks like the fellow who hung the jury, that he has found eleven of the "corruptest" men he ever "seed."

The Chas. Ford who has brought himself into notoriety by circulating damaging reports about Capt. Henry is not the same Chas. Ford who killed Jesse James. He is a youth who was formerly a page in the House of Representatives, a son of Col. J. G. Ford formerly of this city, now of Harrodsburg, Wis. We make this explanation in justice to the young man.

If our little Sebree sweetheart doesn't quit talking "tally" to us she will make somebody jealous. Here is what she had to say about our daily this week:

"Old Man Meacham" is issuing a six column daily this week the Baptist Association being in session at that place. At every gathering of note Meacham comes to the front with a daily. His energy, ability, public spirit and endearing condescension will avail him something yet.

The State Journal thinks Col. Thomas L. Jones will have no difficulty in getting the nomination for Governor. Some other papers do know it.

E. C. T. J. Henry, Col. R. T. Jacob and Col. J. M. McHenry will speak in Morgantown, June 3; Bowling Green, June 5; Franklin, June 6; and Scottsville, June 7.

Hon. Harvey M. Watterson, father of Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal, will deliver the annual address at the commencement exercises of Princeton College June 13.

Will some one who understands the workings of the "combination" please stand up and tell what Republicans will be Jacob's deputies when he gets to be clerk? Of course the dog will not be wagged by the tail, for nothing.

HERE AND THERE.
A majority of the delegates to the Association left Friday. They all expressed themselves greatly pleased with their visit.

The dispensary is being run now in the interest of the poor and a good many have been treated and furnished with medicine. The physicians broke an anchored arm for a man who applied for treatment Friday.

The War and Postoffice Departments are now issuing weather bulletins for the convenience of commerce and agriculture. The bulletins are received every day at noon and are hung up in the postoffice. For today the indications are warmer, fair weather, easterly veering and southerly winds with general lower pressure.

The Schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young ones how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun. The schoolmaster is supposed to know everything. This is a mistake. There is one thing he does not know. He does not know how soon the school committee will find a man to take his place. The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped the corporal will soon be promoted to private life. The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole an ass he is, seldom found. The schoolmaster, thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see, his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule. Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of the boys, he has his own ruler. If he be no stick himself, his ruler always is. The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. Has he a question-able calling. The schoolmaster can be found in all classes. He is also given to the classifying knowledge. Sometimes think I would be in his classifying class. The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure

if he were not. He is the figure head of the school, or should be but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him. He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching. He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own. The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He would be all at sea without his monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place. O shun misbehaving children, or the see of the monitor shall overwhelm you. The schoolmaster teaches the A B C; but he cannot make a bee see. Every sort of ology is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else. In a school of young muskies the schoolmaster is always the principal. Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law of love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up. The schoolmaster loves to have callers at his school; but the habit has so possessed him that he not only calls his scholars, but he also scholars his callers. I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school days will never return. —Boston Transcript.

French Paper Money.

The recent experience of France in paying her war indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 to Germany is full of instruction. Upon the outbreak of the war she issued legal government as well as by individuals for all debts and dues of every description, and not like our greenbacks, during, and for a long time after the war, only a partial legal tender. A distinguished French economist, Victor Boquet, treating of French finances, writes concerning the marvelous results of these paper issues as follows:

"What has taken place in France since the war in relation to the paper circulation, what is still taking place to-day, is a very curious phenomenon. It apparently reverses the economical and financial principles which the best authorities on the subject have hitherto labored to establish. They have cautioned us against issuing too much paper money having the quality of legal tender, holding that the volume of such paper should be very carefully limited, less confidence in it should become impaired and depreciation follow. Now, it so happened that almost at a single step in the midst of our disasters, we issued more than 1,800,000 francs of new notes, with a metallic reserve of less than 600,000,000; and that this legal tender paper has kept itself at par, the only time when it fell below par being upon the payment of the first installment of the indemnity to Germany. At the time gold commanded the premium of two and a half per cent., and as singular as it may seem, the price fell as authority was given to issue bank notes in excess of the previous limit of 2,400,000,000.

"In November, 1871, the note issue of the Bank of France (equivalent to our Treasury Department) had reached only 2,300,000,000, and the gold premium was two and a half per cent; by the end of January, 1872, they exceeded 2,450,000,000, and gold had fallen to one per cent. Soon afterward the limit on circulation was extended to 3,200,000,000, and no further attention was paid to it. The premium on gold had become insignificant, and if it had been thought necessary to go further, as was at one time expected, when on October 3rd, 1873, the circulation reached 3,071,000,000 francs, no opposition would probably have been made to it, and whatever the government asked for would have been granted.

Kentucky Fairs.

Panville, August 1st.
Harrodsburg, August 1st.
Richmond, August 8th.
Sharpsburg, August 15th.
Cynthiana, August 22nd.
Lexington, August 29th.
Paris, September 5th.
Falmouth, September 12th.
Maysville, September 19th.
Hopkinsville, October 4th.
Owensboro, October 11th.

Stop And Consider.

Are you troubled with a weakness in any part of the body? Have you weak lungs, or your heart's action enfeebled and irregular? Are you suffering from ill-health, caused by a weakness of the urinary or digestive organs? Remember, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, and fully restore both mind and body to their normal condition. It quickly strengthens the parts affected.

The highest hopes and interest of the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take pleasure in referring our reader to the remarkable efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all that class of diseases from which women suffer so much.

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COMMENCEMENT

EXERCISES OF

BETHEL FEMALE COLLEGE,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., 1882.

Annual Session, Sunday, May 28th.

at 8 o'clock, P. M., by

REV. T. T. EATON, D. D.

of Louisville, Ky.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Tuesday Evening, May 30th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

ANNUAL LITERARY ADDRESS,

Wednesday, Evening, June 1st, at 8 o'clock, P. M., by

PROF. A. F. WILLIAMS,

of Nashville, Tenn.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Thursday Evening, June 1st, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

PRESIDENT'S LEVEE

Friday Evening, June 2nd

at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Examinations on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning. And public is cordially invited to attend.

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